

Harry Chapin - Cat's In The Cradle Lyrics - for PC, Feminist, moms.

My child arrived just the other day; She came to the world in the usual way.
But there were planes to catch and bills to pay; she learned to walk while I was away.
And she was talkin' 'fore I knew it, and as she grew, she'd say "I'm gonna be like you, mom. You know I'm gonna be like you."

My daughter turned ten just the other day; she said, "Thanks for the ballet shoes, mom come and watch my play. 'Can you help me rehearse?" I said "not today; I got a lot to do", she said, "That's OK." My child walked away but her smile never dimmed as she said, "I'm gonna be like her, yeah! You know I'm gonna be like her."

Well, she came from college just the other day; so much like a woman, I just had to say.
"Girl, I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?" She shook her head and said with a smile, "What I'd really like, mom, is to borrow the car keys. See you later, may I have them please?"

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. **When you comin' home, Mom**, I don't know when, but we'll get together then. You know we'll have a good time then.

I've long since retired, my daughters moved away; I called her up just the other day;
I said, "I'd like to see you if you don't mind." she said, "I'd love to, mom, if I can find the time. You see my new job's a hassle and the kids have the flu; but it's sure nice talking to you, mom; it's been nice talking to you...."

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. **When you comin' home, kid**, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, mom. You know we'll have a good time then.....

And as I hung up the phone, it occurred to me; she'd grown up just like me; My baby girl was just like me....

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. When you comin' home, kid, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, mom. You know we'll have a good time then.....

Someday I'll. ©Xen.

I sometimes frequent a place. It is the graveyard of "*Someday I'll*," which is located beside a cornfield. I watch the phantoms that live there. They go by names of 'a life that might've been,' 'wait until tomorrow,' 'if only I had of,' 'what if I,' 'I plan to,' 'I should've,' 'I could've,' 'I would've,' 'I might've,' 'maybe' and more. A growing gang of regrets that all originate from distant lands of lost imaginings, self-denied promises, delays, saving for a rainy day and better times, places other than right here and now. Duty, obligation, commitment to others always placed first and above all else left nothing remaining behind them for anything more or for me. So being true to self and dreams were set aside, forgotten, pending arrival of another opportunity that never came. Now they are all dead, long buried and lost, existing only as regrets that hide as ghosts within the complicated places of mind, beside a cornfield, in a graveyard named - '*Someday I'll*.'